

The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

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A gleam crossed his faded eyes, but he let her remark pass for the moment. Then, when he was quite sure that violent emotion had been exhausted within him, "Do you want your bills paid?" he asked. "Because if you do Fane, Harmon & Co. are not going to pay them."

"We are living beyond our means?" she inquired disdainfully.

"Not if you will be good enough to mind your business, my friend. I've managed this establishment on our winnings for two years. It's a detail, but you might as well know it. My association with Fane, Harmon & Co. runs the Newport end of it and nothing more."

"What did you marry me for?" she asked curiously.

A slight color came into his face. "Because Rosamund Fane lied about you."

"Oh! You knew that in Manila? You'd heard about it, hadn't you—the western timber lands? Rosamund didn't mean to lie. Only the titles were all wrong, you know. And so you made a bad break, Jack. Is that it?"

"Yes, that is it."

"And it cost you a fortune and me a husband. Is that it, my friend?"

"I can afford you if you will stop your meddling," he said coolly. "You have made a point of excluding Gerald?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I'll telephone Draymore. And"—he looked back from the door of his own apartments—"I got Julius Neergard on the wire this afternoon, and he'll dine with us."

He gathered up his shimmering kimono, hesitated, halted and again looked back.

"When you're dressed," he drawled, "I've a word to say to you about the game tonight and another about Gerald."

"I shall not play," she retorted scornfully, "nor will Gerald."

"Oh, yes, you will, and play your best too. And I'll expect him next time."

"I shall not play!"

He said deliberately: "You will not only play, but play cleverly, and in the interim, while dressing, you will reflect how much more agreeable it is to play cards here than the fool at 10 o'clock at night in the bachelor apartments of your late lamented."

And he entered his room, and his wife, getting blindly to her feet, every atom of color gone from lip and cheek, stood rigid, both small hands clutching the footboard of the gilded bed.

Chapter 12

DIFFERENCES of opinion between himself and Neergard concerning the ethics of good taste involved in forcing the Slowitha club matter,

Gerald's decreasing attention to business and increasing intimacy with the Fane-Ruthven coterie began to make Selwyn very uncomfortable. The boy's close relations with Neergard worried him most of all, and though Neergard finally agreed to drop the Slowitha matter as a fixed policy in which Selwyn had been expected to participate at some indefinite date, the arrangement seemed only to cement the man's confidential companionship with Gerald.

This added to Selwyn's restlessness, and one day in early spring he had a long conference with Gerald—a most unsatisfactory one. Gerald for the first time remained reticent, and when Selwyn, presuming on the cordial understanding between them, pressed



Boots Lansing.

him a little the boy turned sullen, and Selwyn let the matter drop very quickly.

But neither tact nor caution seemed to serve now. Gerald, more and more engrossed in occult social affairs of which he made no mention to Selwyn, was still amiable and friendly, even at times cordial and lovable, but he was no longer frank or even communicative, and Selwyn, fearing to arouse him again to sullenness or perhaps

even to suspicious defiance, forbore to press him beyond the most tentative advances toward the regaining of his confidence.

Gerald and Neergard left the office together frequently now. They often lunched uptown. Whether they were in each other's company evenings Selwyn did not know, for Gerald no longer volunteered information as to his whereabouts or doings. And all this hurt Selwyn and alarmed him, too, for he was slowly coming to the conclusion that he did not like Neergard, that he would never sign articles of partnership with him and that even his formal associateness with the company was too close a relation for his own peace of mind. But on Gerald's account he stayed on. He did not like to leave the boy alone for his sister's sake as well as for his own.

Matters drifted that way through early spring. He actually grew to dislike both Neergard and the business of Neergard & Co., for no particular reason perhaps, but in general, though he did not yet care to ask himself to be more precise in his unuttered criticisms. But Neergard broke his word to him.

And one morning before he left his rooms at Mrs. Greeve's lodgings to go downtown Percy Draymore called him up on the telephone, and, as that overfed young man's usual rising hour was notoriously nearer noon than 8 o'clock, it surprised Selwyn to be asked to remain in his rooms for a little while until Draymore and one or two friends could call on him personally concerning a matter of importance.

First there was Percy Draymore, overgrown for a gentleman, fat, good humored and fashionable—one of the famous Draymore family noted solely for their money and their tight grip on it; then came Sanxon Orchil, the famous banker and promoter, small, urbane, dark, with that rich, almost oriental, coloring which he may have inherited from his Cordova ancestors, who found it necessary to dehumanize their names when Rome offered them the choice, with immediate eternity as alternative.

Then came a fox faced young man, Phoenix Mottly, elegant arbiter of all pertaining to polo and the hunt—slim legged, hatchet faced and more presentable in the saddle than out of it. He was followed by Bradley Harmon, with his washed out coloring of a consumptive Swede and his corn colored beard, and, looming in the rear like an amiable brontosaurus, George Fane, whose swaying neck carried his head as a camel carries his, nodding as he walks.

"We heard last night," said Draymore, "how that fellow—how Neergard had been tampering with our farmers—what underhand tricks he has been playing us, and I frankly admit to you that we're a worried lot of near sports. That's what this dismal matinee signifies, and we've come to ask you what it all really means."

"Why did you not call on Mr. Neergard?" asked Selwyn coolly. Yet he was taken completely by surprise, for he did not know that Neergard had gone ahead and secured options on his own responsibility, which practically amounted to a violation of the truce between them. "I know nothing about it. I did not know that Mr. Neergard had acquired control of the property. I don't know what he means to do with it. And, gentlemen, may I ask why you feel at liberty to come to me instead of going to Mr. Neergard?"

"A desire to deal with one of our own kind, I suppose," returned Draymore bluntly. "And, for that matter," he said, turning to the others, "we might have known that Captain Selwyn could have had no hand in and no knowledge of such an underbred and dirty."

Harmon plucked him by the sleeve, but Draymore shook him off, his little piggy eyes sparkling.

"What do I care?" he sneered, losing his temper. "We're in the clutches of a vulgar, skindint Dutchman, and he'll wring us dry whether or not we curse him out. Didn't I tell you that Philip Selwyn had nothing to do with it? If he had, and I was wrong, our journey here might as well have been made to Neergard's office, for any man who will do such a filthy thing!"

"One moment, Draymore," cut in Selwyn, and his voice rang unpleasantly. "If you are simply complaining because you have been outwitted, go ahead, but if you think there has been any really dirty business in this matter go to Mr. Neergard. Otherwise, being his associate, I shall not only decline to listen, but also ask you to leave my apartments."

"Captain Selwyn is perfectly right," observed Orchil coolly. "Do you think, Draymore, that it is very good taste in you to come into a man's place and begin slandering and cursing a member of his firm for crooked work?"

"Besides," added Mottly, "it's not crooked; it's only contemptible." And to Selwyn, who had been restlessly facing first one, then another: "We came—it was the idea of several among us—to put the matter up to you, which was rather foolish, because you couldn't have engineered the thing and remained what we know you to be. So—"

"Wait!" said Selwyn brusquely. "I do not admit for one moment that there

is anything dishonorable in this deal, nor do I accept your right to question it from that standpoint, because I personally have not chosen to engage in matters of this—ah—description, is no reason for condemning the deal or its method."

"Every reason!" said Orchil, laughing cordially. "Every reason, Captain Selwyn. Thank you; we know now exactly where we stand. It was very good of you to let us come, and I'm sorry some of us had the bad taste to show any temper."

"He means me," added Draymore, offering his hand; "goodby, Captain Selwyn. I dare say we are up against it hard."

"Because we've got to buy in that property or close up the Slowitha," added Mottly, coming over to make his adieux. "By the way, Selwyn, you ought to be one of us in the Slowitha."

"Thank you, but isn't this rather an awkward time to suggest it?" said Selwyn good humoredly.

Fane burst into a sonorous laugh and wagged his neck, saying: "Not at all! Not at all! Your reward for having the decency to stay out of the deal is an invitation from us to come in and be squeezed into a jelly by Mr. Neergard. Haw! Haw!"

And so, one by one, with formal or informal but evidently friendly leave-taking, they went away. And Selwyn followed them presently, walking until he took the subway at Forty-second street for his office.

He went into his own office, pocketed his mail and still wearing hat and gloves came out again just as Gerald was leaving Neergard's office.

He walked leisurely into Neergard's office and seated himself.

"So you have committed the firm to the Slowitha deal?" he inquired coolly. Neergard looked up and then past him: "No, not the firm. You did not seem to be interested in the scheme, so I went on without you. I'm swinging it for my personal account."

"Is Mr. Erroll in it?"

"I said that it was a private matter," replied Neergard, but his manner was affable.

"I thought so; it appears to me like a matter quite personal to you and characteristic of you, Mr. Neergard. And, that being established, I am now ready to dissolve whatever loose ties have ever bound me in any association with this company and yourself."

Neergard's close set black eyes shifted a point nearer to Selwyn's. The sweat on his nose glistened.

"Why do you do this?" he asked slowly. "Has anybody offended you?"

"Do you really wish to know?"

"Yes, I certainly do, Captain Selwyn." "Very well. It's because I don't like your business methods, I don't like several other things that are happening in this office. It's purely a difference of views, and that is enough explanation, Mr. Neergard."

"I think our views may very easily coincide."

"You are wrong; they could not. I ought to have known that when I came back here. And now I have only to thank you for receiving me, at my own request, for a six months' trial, and to admit that I am not qualified to co-operate with this kind of a firm."

"That," said Neergard angrily, "amounts to an indictment of the firm. If you express yourself in that manner outside, the firm will certainly resent it!"

"My personal taste will continue to govern my expressions, Mr. Neergard, and I believe will prevent any further business relations between us. And, as we never had any other kind of relations, I have merely to arrange the details through an attorney."

Neergard looked after him in silence. The tiny beads of sweat on his nose united and rolled down in a big shining drop, and the sneer etched on his broad and brightly mottled features deepened to a snarl when Selwyn had disappeared.

For the social prestige which Selwyn's name had brought the firm he had patiently endured his personal dislike and contempt for the man after he found he could do nothing with him in any way.

He had accepted Selwyn purely in the hope of social advantage and with the knowledge that Selwyn could have done much for him after business hours, if not from friendship, at least from interest or a lively sense of benefits to come. For that reason he had invited him to participate in the valuable Slowitha deal, supposing a man as comparatively poor as Selwyn would not only jump at the opportunity, but also prove sufficiently grateful later. And he had been amazed and disgusted at Selwyn's attitude. But he had not supposed the man would sever his connection with the firm if he, Neergard, went ahead on his own responsibility. It astonished and irritated him. It meant, instead of selfish or snobbish indifference to his own social ambitions, an enemy to block his entrance into what he desired—the society of those made notorious in the columns of the daily press.

He was fairly on the outer boundary now, though still very far outside. But a needy gentleman inside was already compromised and practically pledged to support him, for his meeting with Jack Ruthven through Gerald had proved of greatest importance. He had lost gracefully to Ruthven and in doing it had taken that gentleman's measure. And, though Ruthven himself was a member of the Slowitha, Neergard had made no error in taking him secretly into the deal where together they were now in a position to exploit the club, from which Ruthven of course would resign in time to escape any assessment himself.

(To be continued.)

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Popular Music

Classic Airs May Become Well Liked

By PROF. EDMUND GURNEY.



THE musical instinct of the people is normally sound, though it gets but little chance of true cultivation. I suppose that everybody who is much interested in a subject and on the lookout for scraps of evidence about it is occasionally startled by finding that these go, for the most part, unobserved, and that what he thought commonplaces are received as paradoxes. Now at this moment a house painter is humming sotto voce Mendelssohn's Wedding March outside my door, a baker's boy in the street is whistling "La ci Dorem," and a German band a little farther on has just been playing the march from "Scipio" to the obvious edification of the surrounding nursery maids. Yet I believe that, at all events, the first two facts would have gone unobserved even by many of those who know the tunes.

I admit, of course, a great deal of low taste both in and out of the streets; and I do so in complete conformity to the argument that pleasure must be the criterion of music; using the word low to imply a feeble and transient enjoyment of things which are found, as a pure matter of experience, not to appeal to those accustomed to a greater and more permanent enjoyment. But I would observe that the people have to take what they can get. Would that they got more chances and that one had not to walk through miles and miles of park in sunny Sunday afternoons without encountering a single band.

All musicians must know the sensation of being haunted even by tunes which they absolutely dislike; and though I do not pretend that street boys dislike the bad tunes they mechanically whistle, no one with any experience of places where the trial has been made can doubt that they would sing and whistle good tunes, and do, when they get the chance of knowing them infinitely more con amore.

Good music seems to make its way, like water, wherever channels are open for it; and if I have dwelt chiefly on simple melodies it is only because circumstances, not necessity, have hitherto in great measure limited the people's chances to these. It is impossible to mistake the look of joyful welcome on many faces when, for instance, the glorious themes of Beethoven's concertos flash forth again and again, now from the solo instrument, now from the orchestra.

Criticism Harmful in Home

By LOUISE D. MITCHELL.

I doubt if many women—many mothers—realize that the habit of criticism is one of the most ~~destroying~~ elements in the home to-day. The effect upon children especially is markedly harmful. Criticism, whether it comes from the reviewer, the preacher, the teacher, the moralist or the mother, should be of a constructive nature to have any rightful place in the building of life to-day.

Most of us draw our best strength for use in the environment in which we are placed from that inspiring source of hearing "the nice things"—not the flattering things, mark you—said about ourselves. There are few of us who do not recognize either definitely or sub-consciously at least, our own shortcomings, and it is part of that struggle of self-preservation inherent within us which induces us to hide them or forget them and put our best self forward for the benefit of others in order to be able to get somewhere unhampered by their criticisms. And, somehow, it doesn't seem just right for you or me to thwart that purpose.

The law of suggestion is a mighty force working for good or ill upon this plane of our existence, and used judiciously and with the high moral purpose to aid in the development of humanity it cannot fail to bring the greatest happiness and strength into the life of the individual. I know that you can do this or that and do it well. Only try it." This is one of the foundation stones of success for your husband, your child, your friend or yourself. Fed from this sustaining source, hope, which is a large part of our "working capital" in whatever we may undertake, grows strong to do and dare and brings us into the full flower of achievement.

Instead of striking the paralyzing blows of harsh criticism upon the only two apparent faults of your child, why not try the more peaceful method of suggesting to him his more lovable traits? The child of the passionate temper and obstinate will is not to be fought and conquered by his own weapons, as is the general rule.

No Sex in Politics

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL.
Poet and Essayist.

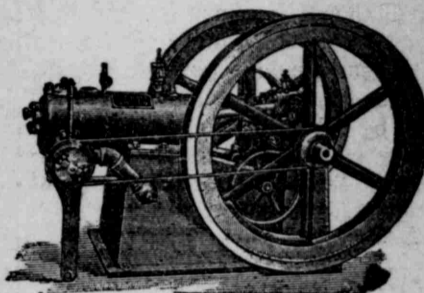
The fact is, that, important as is the sex-division in some things, it does not stretch across the whole of life; sex has no meaning in politics any more than in dinner parties.

Men and women pray in the same church and dance to the same music. Both sexes have far more in common than they have points of difference. Why should one sex be shut out of the polling booth? Why is Florence Nightingale's opinion of the candidate for her constituency less valuable than the chimney sweeper's? We suffragettes demand votes for women, not because they are women, but because they are fellow-citizens. It's nobody's business to inquire what sex a voter is, any more than what color the voter's hair is. Once get into your head that the claim of women rests not upon their petticoats but on their purses, not upon their being women, but on their being taxpayers, not on their being our rivals, but on their being our comrades, and you will escape tangling yourself in a whole network of fallacies.

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